

CAPT. MOREY'S OWN STORY OF THE BATTLE AT CARRIZAL

MEXICANS TRIED HARD TO KILL THE THREE WHITE OFFICERS. SAYS WOUNDED COMMANDER

Escaping With Bullet in Shoulder, He Passes Entire Day Under Torrid Desert Sun Without a Drop of Water—Adair Died in Ditch.

By John Kirby.

(Special Staff Correspondent of The New York World.)

PERSHING'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR CASAS GRANDES, Mexico, Noon, June 26 (Via Radio to Columbia N. Y., June 27).—Capt. Lewis S. Morey of K Troop, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., the only officer to survive the fight with the Carranzistas at Carrizal, told his story today to a group of his fellow officers. He sat on the edge of his bunk in a thatched hut at headquarters and spoke rather slowly to the eager group who welcomed him as one from the grave. He is still weak and haggard from the ordeal he has been through, and amid profound silence he gave the intimate details of the first tragedy of this campaign.

Capt. Morey had passed the night in the hospital after his arrival by motor last night, and the doctors let him sleep until late this forenoon. When he awoke they cut off his bloodstained shirt, cleaned the wound where a Mauser bullet had drilled his left shoulder, and refreshed him with a bath. As soon as the wound was bandaged and he had had a bite of breakfast, Capt. Morey reported to Gen. Pershing.

From headquarters Capt. Morey walked slowly up the company streets, flanked by tents and the curiously woven brush quarters the men and officers have built. There was no demonstration, not even one cheer, but every eye in camp was gazing with liveliest sympathy at the tall, lean figure that moved resolutely though with evident weakness through the camp. Now and then an old friend stepped out from his tent, grasped Morey's unadorned right hand and exclaimed:

"Glad you're back. Congratulations, old man."

Simple phrases, but they meant every good wish from them to him. For days no man in this command dared hope he would ever look upon Morey again.

After Capt. Morey had made himself comfortable in his thatched brush hut a group of his friends gathered to hear him, and I joined them. The captain is a studious looking man, spectacled and bearded, with the precise speech of a scientist. He spoke very slowly, halting now and then to choose exactly the right word, avoiding exaggeration, and always modestly effacing himself as far as he could. He blamed no one for the disaster, drew no conclusions, and above all, offered no wise hindsight suggestions as to what should have been done.

ENTIRE DAY IN DESERT WITHOUT WATER.

Only once did Capt. Morey's voice rise above its monotonous pitch. This was when he told of passing the entire day of June 21, the longest of the year, under the torrid desert sun, wounded and without a drop of water. "I think I shall never forget the torture of that thirst," said Capt. Morey. "You know how thirsty a wounded person is? I had no drop to drink from 6 o'clock in the morning of the 21st until 4 o'clock next day. Give me that sixteen, please!"

The captain took a long, deep draught of water to quench the thirst that recollection had started. He remarked that never again will he go anywhere without carrying a full canteen.

Capt. Morey confirmed what we had already heard as to the two troops of the Tenth Cavalry leaving Santo Domingo early Wednesday morning, riding toward Carrizal, where they were stopped by a mes-



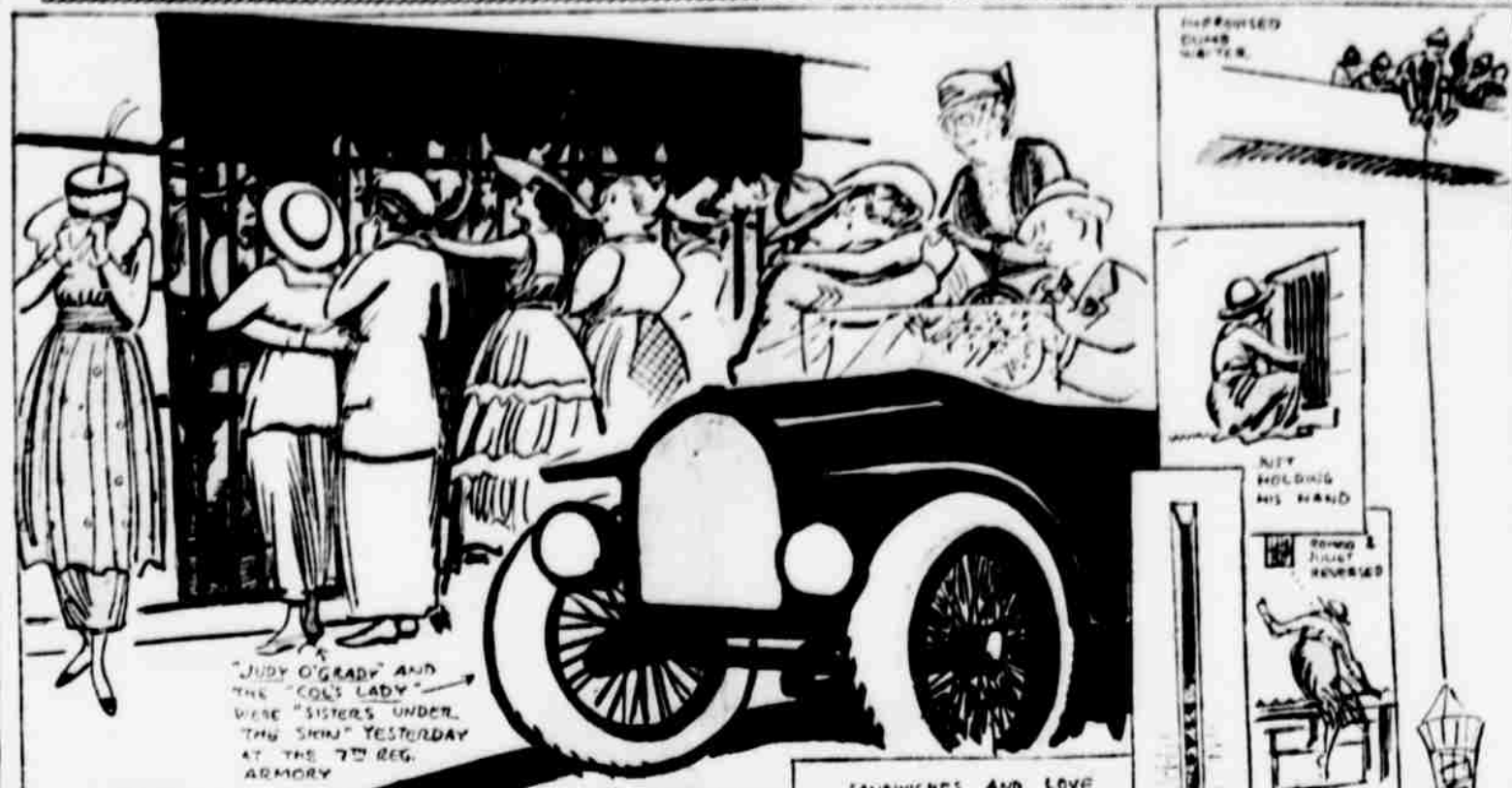
It is a pleasure to see me like age with serviceable teeth. Perhaps it is the coarse, hard food of early life, the plentiful fruit with its cleansing acids that built up the bony structures. Later, intelligent care, brushing them two or three times a day, regular visits to the dentist.

Your dentist is interested in the dentifrice you use. He would like to have you try at least one tube of Bell's to see for yourself how much better it cleans. It contains the highest percentage of actual cleansing and polishing properties of any dentifrice on the market. It is sufficiently but safely antiseptic. It is a cream, not a paste. It does not melt or harden. It has no grit. It is not colored.

Try it today. Abdon can be had at 25 cents a liberal tube wherever toilet articles are sold, and a free sample can be had by sending your name and address to The Abdon Company, Dept. B, 154 West 18th Street, N. Y. A postal will do.

BELL'S
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

Mothers, Sweethearts, Wives Bid Goodby To Guardsmen Through Armory's Grim Bars



Imprisoned in Lexington Avenue Fortress, Men in Khaki, Waiting to Go to Mexico, Clasp Their Loved Ones and Smile, Though Hearts Are Aching.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Last week we jostled them in the subway or rode with them unseeing in the elevated or the surface cars. They were just young men like a hundred thousand other young men to us then.

Last night they were like no other young men in the world. They were the spirit of battle; they were the shields of liberty, the guardians of America. To men they were soldiers going perhaps to war; to women they were husbands and brothers and sons; to the matter-of-fact of both sexes, they were just the Seventh Regiment getting ready to entrain for Brownsville, Texas, and all that destiny might hold for them beyond the blood-stained borders of Mexico.

The great Seventh Regiment Armory, which stands like a fortress between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Street with its face to Lexington and its back to Park Avenue, was closed to visitors all yesterday afternoon.

But it was a fortress surrounded on all sides by automobiles which had brought the mothers, wives and sisters. The automobiles were empty, for the women had left them and lined the sidewalks.

Many of them, perched on stone copings, hung precariously several feet above the street level. On the Sixty-sixth Street side, girls who had put on their prettiest summer dresses sealed spiked iron fences, slipped from them to the stone paving inside and then stretched eager hands through the iron bars of the armory windows to guardsmen waiting within. At every window wistful faces looked out, tearful faces looked in.

FOUGHT DESPERATELY AS THEY RAN BACK.

Capt. Morey's troop was caught in a right angle under an enfilading fire. They had to retreat, as has been said, fighting and being sent to the rear, so the entire little command, including its officer, was on foot.

Alternately dropping flat on their bellies and making a flying dash desperately as they ran back, they made a rear guard action of it. A bullet went through Capt. Morey's left shoulder.

Three hundred yards to the south were the Carranzistas, some mounted and some afoot, firing and yelling as they advanced, emboldened by the Americans' retreating.

"When I got behind the wall," resumed Capt. Morey in a matter-of-fact way, "I told the men I purposed to stay there. Those who wished to go I let go."

Four men, including one who was wounded, elected to make a try for escape, and Capt. Morey tells me he saw them ascend a hill that stretched away to the north.

"I never saw men act so strongly," said Capt. Morey. "They did not run or seem to exert themselves in any way. They simply moved away up hill as if it were a matter of course, and by doing so probably saved us. We who remained behind the wall noticed Carranzistas hurrying toward us to flank them. It was apparent that some of the Carranzistas had seen us take refuge behind the wall and, noting four trying to escape, went in pursuit, leaving us alone."

With the enemy beating the country on all sides, Capt. Morey and three black troops lay in that hole behind the wall all that longest day of the year, witless. Night came and with it a drop in temperature. Enter the stars the wounded officer and men started trailing west in the first rays of the seventy-five mile journey to our line.

MOREY ORDERS THE MEN TO LEAVE HIM.

Capt. Morey was so weak he could walk only 300 yards or so at each stretch, and as the night wore on he decided it was utterly impossible for him to go further. He first requested the men to leave him, and when they refused he ordered them to leave him.

"I reasoned," he said, "that they could go on and I couldn't, so I made them go."

The three negroes obeyed the order, and the wounded Capt. Morey wound the bandage about his shoulder as best he could and lay down in the desert to sleep.

The stars were still shining, but dawn was touching the sky when a group of five Carranzistas came, he forced himself to his feet and staggered in the direction in which he



about his rough rider hat. That was all the going away of the Seventh meant to that baby, the chance to grab that new and dazzling bit of blue.

The guardsman lifted his head beyond that coveted clutch, but offered in propitiation his leather wrist watch, holding it close to the baby's ear. And, gravely, rapidly, the baby listened while the watch ticked away the precious minutes, perhaps the last minutes the father would have with those most dear to him.

Every kind of that watch brought all those vigorous young men nearer to danger and privation, to long and weary marches, to the possibility of ambush by a treacherous enemy. And for some of them, perhaps, it ticked a funeral march. But the day did not think of those things. It merely listened to that fascinating tick and smiled, as last week the father smiled, amiably listening to the tick of time as we all listen, still some unforeseen event strikes the hour of our destiny.

Above these scenes of farewell, tearful sometimes, but more often matter of fact, for we have the Spanish tradition in New York and about our smiles as carefully as we hide our tears, gayer groups of guardsmen leaned from a stone balcony about an upper window, long-distinct, in the crowd, and their faces were marked with the name of the man for whom they were intended. And often his name was called from the street.

GAST FORGOTTEN IN THE DEMOCRACY OF GRIEF.

"Say, get it to Bob Stier, will you?" That's for Jimmie Robinson, understand? And the silent expression would nod his head gravely and begin pulling up a bucket of water from the pump. The bucket was hoisted, one of the girls attached a tiny package to its rope. She was a very pretty, young girl, with wide gray eyes, and everybody in the crowd who looked at her felt that the world was empty save for the tall, golden youth following to whom, upon the evening crowd, she offered up her golden soul.

"Better go home, Mamie, it's getting late," he called down to her. "I'll be home in a minute."

They are all little things, foolish things, perhaps. There were mothers, a dumpty figure in a dusty black dress, never saw in the line of women perched on copings, the fence climbers, the girls who kissed anxiously before all men, were of every degree of worldly prosperity. Some very poor, some beautifully gowned and seated in armchairs, notwithstanding the weather.

One thing I saw yesterday afternoon that I have never before realized in New York, the fact that even this city of ease has its moments of pure democracy. For the lines of women perched on copings, the fence climbers, the girls who kissed anxiously before all men, were of every degree of worldly prosperity. Some very poor, some beautifully gowned and seated in armchairs, notwithstanding the weather.

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5,000 GUARDSMEN AT CAMP WHITMAN EAGER FOR ACTION

Clamor to Go to Border as They Hear Other City Troops Are Leaving.

(Special From a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

CAMP WHITMAN, GREEN HAVEN, N. Y., June 27.—Throughout the camp today the excited soldiers are stirring up for the United States service. Here it is that hundreds of examples of unadulterated patriotism are being set for the nation. This is shown particularly in the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," which may be started for the front to-morrow or Thursday.

The greater proportion by far of the men in this Irish organization are married and have families. Many of the men are unfortunate enough to have employers who are not imbued with sufficient patriotism to carry them on the payroll. But back in New York are a lot of patriotic wives who are writing to their soldier husbands and insisting that they go to the front, no matter what may be the financial condition of the family.

Several men were sent back to New York this morning because of failure to pass on physical examinations. Others, and they are few indeed, are going back because they have personal reasons for not going into the service.

Considerable surprise was occasioned in camp to-day when Melvin Sheppard of Company F, Sixty-ninth Regiment, decided not to sign up and returned to the city. Sheppard is one of the greatest runners this country ever produced and an Olympic games champion. He has been athletic instructor of the regiment. Company A of this organization signed up every man on its rolls. This company is commanded by Capt. J. J. Lilly, whose wife and mother congratulated the boys on their showing and wished them goodby.

The demon run is on the run to-day. Several fly-by-night gentry decided to open up in the booze business across from the camp last night. About midnight Capt. Joseph Fogarty of the Sixty-ninth, whose company is in charge of the police work, raided one of the blind tigers. He destroyed fifty gallons of whiskey and threatened the promoters with night sticks if they attempted to reopen. The brand of liquor dispensed is largely pure alcohol, colored various shades of red, yellow and green.

The Third Infantry from Rochester arrived to-day. The Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth Infantry of Buffalo are expected in about a week.

A squadron of the First Cavalry encamped here received orders this afternoon to proceed to Van Cortlandt Park. The Tenth Cavalry, Troop H, Albany; Troop D, Syracuse; Troop G, Utica, and Troop H, Rochester, Capt. Miller of the Albany troop, as senior officer, will command the squadron. A dozen regular army sergeants have arrived to assist in the training of the guardsmen.

The boys are becoming a trifle impatient. They want action. They want to be headed toward the border. The news that some of the New York guard has already started for the troublesome southern boundary line finds their spirits greatly revived. The fact that they do not know the exact day

Home guards have been formed in a score of towns to protect themselves against local Mexicans when the border patrols join Pershing in the drive against the Carranzas armies.

The border communities are preparing receptions for the militia expected to be quartered with them in the coming week.

RICAUT TAKES TEARFUL LEAVE OF U. S. CONSUL

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., June 27.—United States Consul J. H. Johnson, who closed consular affairs in Matamoros last night, held a conference with Gen. Ricaut, de facto commander of the Matamoros District, during which an affecting scene occurred, it became known to-day. Tears filled Gen. Ricaut's eyes.

"I hope it will be possible, in the event of a break of relations between our countries," Gen. Ricaut told Mr. Johnson, "that half an hour before it occurs I may have the pleasure of shaking hands with you and Gen. James Parker, commanding the border patrol at Fort Brown."

C. A. McManus, Alderman. At a meeting of the captains and General Committee of the Eleventh Assembly District, of which his brother is leader, Charles A. McManus was last night elected to fill the seat in the Board of Aldermen left vacant through the resignation of Alderman Wendell, now in the District Attorney's office.

Italians Adopt U-Boat Vets. GENOVA, June 27.—The Italians are using steel nets to trap enemy submarines with great success, according to advices from Rome. Only recently an Austrian submarine was caught in a net at Taranto and the crew captured.

Pacific Fleet in Alert. SAN DIEGO, Cal., June 27.—The detached coast is scheduled to sail from this port today for Mazatlan and the naval collier Brutus, with coal for the Pacific fleet, for La Paz.

er hour of their departure makes no difference. They are shouting the glad news of their departure and making ready to set forth at the sight of the ship.

Camp Whitman is assuming real proportions today and the great tract of land that comprises the concentration camp is beginning to fill out. The camp is situated on a cleared piece of land about 1,000 acres in extent. The camp is situated on a cleared piece of land about 1,000 acres in extent. The camp is situated on a cleared piece of land about 1,000 acres in extent.

The Second Infantry, commanded by Col. James M. Andrews, has had no picket line of its own having the same station as Troop A, American Cavalry, at Fort Brown.

The regiment has several hundred recruits, many of them in civilian clothes and others in military uniforms. They are equipped for the field. They marched six miles through a deep ditch that runs between the fort and the city and back to the fort. The march was made in the morning and the recruits were in the line for the march.

The Twenty-second Corps of Engineers is ready to move at an instant's notice. The pioneer battalion of the corps is all packed up and waiting anxiously for the order to march. But in the Engineers there are many raw recruits—recruits as raw as those that made of the first battle of Bull Run a fiasco.

The Sixty-ninth, gallant and stalwart of heart, is sadly deficient in many particulars. Over 500 men recruited for this organization began to arrive in camp to-day, where, by a miracle, it is hoped that they may be taught the barest rudiments of soldiering before they are sent to the front. The regiment lacks equipment and it needs a deal of drilling.

Yesterday afternoon Col. Conley ordered out the greater number of his command into a field where, under a roasting sun, they were put through extended-order work. Col. Conley says he would like to have such a drill before he goes to the front, but he also makes it emphatically clear that the Sixty-ninth is anxious, desperately anxious, to get to the scene of action, and that they will give a good account of themselves. Any one suddenly inclined who would dare to pass through the ranks of the Sixty-ninth and intimate that the outfit is not going, and going soon, would have a deal of trouble cut out for him, for his fate would be horrible to contemplate.

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